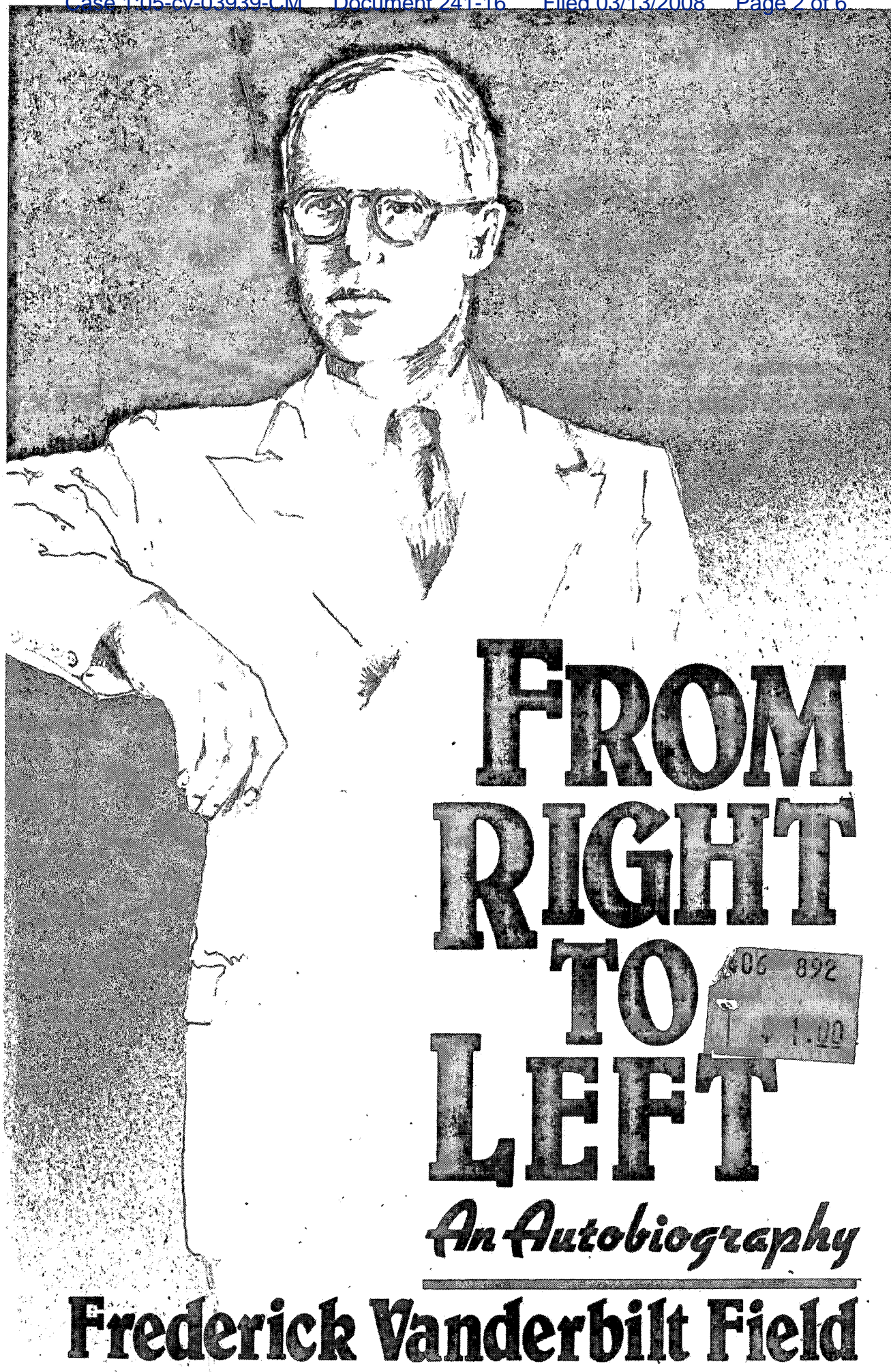
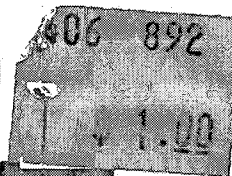


# EXHIBIT

# 65



# FROM RIGHT TO LEFT



*An Autobiography*

**Frederick Vanderbilt Field**

# FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

*An Autobiography*

**Frederick Vanderbilt Field**

LAWRENCE HILL & COMPANY  
Westport, Connecticut 06880



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## 29

*An Indian-Summer  
Interlude*

A bright star shone in my skies for a few days in February 1962. I had received a letter from a good friend, Martha Josefy, who lives in Connecticut, telling me that a friend of hers was coming to Mexico to buy furniture, ceramics, and textiles for a house she had recently bought. Her friend had never been in Mexico, spoke no Spanish, and would greatly appreciate it if I would help her when she first arrived. Martha went on about how she knew I was busy and did not like to be disturbed by every Tom, Dick and Harry who visited Mexico and needed help in doing this, that and the other, but this particular person about whom she was writing was especially nice and would not impose on me. Her name, she said, was Marilyn Monroe.

As I had no telephone in my office or home, I had to find a way for instant communication. A telegram would be much too slow, it would take several hours, and of course a letter was out of the question. I made record time to a friend's house some fifteen blocks away by walking, because public transportation could not be trusted on an errand of such importance. Fortunately, I found the friends at home and Martha on the other end of long distance. Speaking in the calmest voice I could muster, I told her that under the circumstances I was disposed to devote a few moments of my time to helping Marilyn.

Marilyn's companion, Mrs. Eustice Murray, was to arrive in Mexico a week early to line things up. I called on her and arranged to meet Marilyn right after her arrival. Mrs. Murray is an accomplished person in her own right. When she became a widow, she had gone into house decorating and also taken therapy training. In November of 1961, she had become Marilyn's part-time companion, chauffeur, housekeeper and sort of M.M. watcher at the suggestion of Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson. Things worked

out well between the two women, and Marilyn shortly told Eunice of her ambition to have a house of her own and entrusted the companion with the job of finding one. Marilyn's idea for a house and for what was to go inside it was inspired by Eunice's own Spanish-style home, which she had decorated herself. Soon Eunice had moved in full time with Marilyn and often spent the night at her home. She was with Marilyn on the last day of her life and discovered her death that dreadful morning of August 5. Eunice wrote, with Rose Shade, one of the sympathetic and well-informed books on Marilyn, *Marilyn, the Last Months*.

I am writing about Marilyn's visit to Mexico partly because the glow of that bright star remains in my private heaven. In addition, she was an important person, and I would like to make a small, decent contribution to her memory.

Marilyn, as I was to learn, was notoriously late for all appointments, even the most important, but even she could not alter the schedule of the flight that brought her from Miami. She was taken to the Hilton Hotel, where a suite had been engaged through the good offices of Frank Sinatra. The next morning Nieves and I called on her and were greeted by Eunice. She explained that Marilyn was getting ready and would join us soon. We talked about what they were looking for in the way of furnishings, how many days we had and whether some travel could be included. Our conversation must have gone on nearly an hour before the bedroom door opened and Marilyn appeared.

When she came forward to greet us, the talk and beautiful week began, as well as one of the nicest friendships that Nieves and I have ever had. Marilyn was an extraordinary person. She was beautiful beyond measure. She was warm, attractive, bright and witty. Her politics were excellent. She was curious about things, people and ideas. She was open and frank and friendly. She was also incredibly complicated. The best champagne was sent up, which she and Nieves enjoyed—it is my wife's favorite beverage. I, made of less delicate fiber, stuck by bourbon, my traditional companion for celebrations.

As people do when they are getting acquainted, we talked about a little of everything and finally focused on how to go about buying the things that Marilyn needed for her house. Nieves and I thought that spending a few days in Taxco would be the best way to find the main furnishings. In her book Eunice writes, "The rapport between Marilyn and the Fields developed instantly. They had no sooner outlined their proposals than she exclaimed, 'It sounds wonderful. When do we start?' "

The local press had written an enormous amount about Marilyn's visit, and I had no idea how comfortable or even safe she would be in street